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WARNING;

Once Warning.

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A

POEM.

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WARNING.

Once Warning.

A POEM.

NAY Whigs since you're *resolv'd* you'll ne'er be *Wise*,
Be *blind* for good and all; and shut your Eyes:
They have been *open'd Once* with no small pain,
But *Roast the Doctor that will do't again.*
Is't so his *Service* must Rewarded be?
Is't 'cause he Cur'd you *Gratis* you won't see?
But let *Sacheverel* be Damn'd you'll say,
'Twas he bred all the Stir is made to Day.
NO— Thank your Parliament, which under GOD,
Made *Him* the Nations *Good*: And Factions Rod.
Scarce Nine Months past between the Doctrine Preach'd,
(By the same House) was Licenc'd and Impeach'd.
But what shou'd cause in so short time the Change,
Might seem to some astonishingly strange:
If 'twas not known, that *New Lights* before now,
Have *Hag-rid* Juntoes like some *Witch* a Sow;
Lead them like *Ignis fatuus* by the Horns,
Thro' wild Fanatick-Ditches, Briers and Thorns:
Or why wou'd they *condemn* with *an Uproar*,
Those *Truths* they thank'd the *Preacher for* before?
But might not they some other Angel see?
Int'rest appears like some Divinity.
The subtil Goddess they proclaim'd aloud,
Confess'd her Pow'r, and to her Alter bow'd.
Their Patron *Pluto* well of them might boast,
He found not humbler Slaves in any Coast.
But they cou'd not deceive our *Argus* Eyes;
Rapine must wear some very nice Disguise.

The

The Veſſel on the Shoar where ſhe was bound,
For want of skilful Pilots run aground;
But the ſunk Prize cou'd never yet be found.

How long, O Whigs! will ye thus play the Fool,
And hinder Reaſon of it's right to Rule!
'Tis time, if you have Ears, or Eyes, or Senſe,
To *hear*, and *ſee*, and *know* your *Ignorance*.
You ſee your Foes before your Face ariſe,
Yet are ſo dull, you won't believe your Eyes;
You hear them *rail* at *Church* and *Government*,
Yet vow as to the *Charge*, they're innocent.
This was your *Caſe* in that accurſed Age,
When *Charles* was *Martyr'd* by the Factions Rage:
You ſaw your *Biſhops* thruſt from *Parliament*,
Yet ſaw no *Miſchief* to the *Church* was meant:
You ſaw your King *reſiſted* and *o'erthrown*,
Yet ſaw no *Treaſon* offer'd to the Crown;
You ſaw *Him Murder'd* 'gainſt both Faith and Law;
And *them*, no Thanks to you, too late you ſaw.
Unhappy Spirits, who for want of Senſe,
Nothing but *ſad Experience* can convince;
Yet e'en Experience cannot make ye wiſe,
Beyond the Period of your Miſeries.
But moſt of you, *by Choice*, I fear are blind,
Which of all Blindneſs is the blindeſt kind.
It is not SO your Fathers would have done,
They ſaw their Errors, and repented ſoon;
And you might learn from them, if you were wiſe,
To know at *all Times* who are *Enemies*,
And never to confide in fair *Hypocriſies*.
'Twas *that* which cauſ'd the Troubles you allow,
And why will you *be guilty of it* now?

Forgive me you Diſturbers of the *Land*,
If I do ſcourge you with a faſting Hand:
My Will is good to *give* you your Deſerts,
As yours can be to *own* it for your Hearts.

If Hiſtory tells Truth, there was a Time,
When not to be a *Rebel* was a *Crime*:
Incarnate Fiends in Gniſe of Saints aroſe,
And Twenty Winters hindred our Repoſe.
'Twixt *Ætnean* Councils and *Veſuvian* Leagues,
Our *Iſrael* ſuffer'd *all* th' *Egyptian* Plagues.
The Sword unſheath'd in the *Oppreſſors* Hand,
And Blood, like *Nilus*, overwhelm'd the Land:
Our *King*, *Religion* and our *Nobles* bleed;
Churches themſelves did Sanctuaries need:

With

With Hands profane our *Altars* they defil'd;
And Twelve long Years the *Royal Line* Exil'd.
Nor ended here *the Frenzy* of the *Crew*,
Our *Conſciences* muſt *ſhare* in ſuff'ring too.
The *Tolleration*, from the Church they us'd,
To it, as impious Licence, they refus'd:
Judging how dang'rous (by themſelves) it is
To give Indulgences to Enemies.
Didn't they PETITION their *long Tooth the Rump*,
They *might not leave with the Church, their Lamp*;
Proteſting that *a Tolleration was*
To propagate Iniquity by Laws.
Thus their curſt Practice with their Doctrine ſuited,
And Soul and Body both were perſecuted.

Was this the Recompenſe, the Church deſerv'd
From thoſe, but *for her Charity*, had ſtarv'd:
Foundings, who at our Pariſh Door were laid,
She took them up when none would lend them aid;
Cloath'd them and fed them, PITY was her Sin,
And kindly gave them LODGING in her Inn.
But this *ungrateful Brood* was ſcarcely warm,
E'er the black Monſter ſhew'd his helliſh Form:
His cloven Foot he brandiſh'd in the Air,
And where he trod, Deſtruction rooted there.
All ſaw the ugly *Fiend*, and from it fled,
Religion, *Juſtice*, *Mercy*, hid it's Head;
Satanick Power tyranniz'd a while,
And Babyloniſh Thraldom ſeiz'd our Iſle.

So the kind Ruſtick, by meer Pity led,
The frozen Viper brought within his Shed:
Cold and benum'd he long enjoy'd the Fire,
Till gradual Warmth, new Life and Strength inſpire;
Th' ungrateful Snake reliev'd, and vig'rous grown,
No longer wou'd the *Obligation* own;
Hiſs at his Kindneſs, *darts* his venom'd Tongue,
Frights the poor Peaſant, and the Children ſtung;
Till taking Heart, at length they cloſ'd about
His writhing Folds, and flung the *Traitor* out.

Beware in time, e'er you're *miſled too far*,
Ships have been loſt by following the wrong Star:
Credulity is next to *Infidelity*;
Not ſafely truſted further than the Eye can ſee.
Of all the Failings which the *Engliſh* Share,
None they've more ſuffer'd by, or ought to fear.
But ſome do need Examples ev'ry Day,
To make their *ſtupid Ignorance* give way;

To

To *Such* it is in vain for Ghosts to rise:
But sure *there are* who want not to be *wise*.
Prophetick Signs and Bodings did foretel
The God-like *Cæsar*'s Death before he fell;
But had his Murd'rers warn'd the *dawing Chief*,
H' had justly suffer'd for his Unbelief:
Yet *Fools* are now a-days grown so secure,
(Some thro' their *Ign'rance*, but thro' Knavery more;)
They hear their Foes *without Disguise* declare,
The Spight they to our *Constitution* bear:
The *Crown* of *Tyranny* they'd still arraign,
And *Mitre* damn, as *Popish* and *Profane*;
Yet unconcern'd, no Danger apprehend,
But make this Pip'rous Herd their *Bosom Friend*.
An *unrepenting Race*, which *Zeal* has shewn,
For *Crimes* the *Actors* were asham'd to own;
With *Aggravations* justifie the Deed,
Which made the *Nation* more than once to bleed.
Dispute the QUEEN's *Hereditary Right*,
And fret how much the *Gown* offends their Sight.
From hence their Love to *Both* appears too plain,
They wou'd condemn and execute who arraign,
They've done so once, and wou'd they not again?
All gentle Methods have in vain been try'd;
Mildness but spurs their Arrogance and Pride.
With *Toleration* they've been brib'd to Peace,
But nought forsooth will serve but Dignities.
Rare Men to be in *Trust* about a *Crown*,
Who aim by all their Plots to pull it down.
Are *Wolves* fit Guards to watch the *harmless Sheep*?
Or wou'd *fierce Tygers Lambs* unworried keep?
Beasts that have *Blood* once tasted in the Chase,
Grow Beasts of Prey; and by Instinct, the RACE.
Shou'd these their Savage Purposes conceal,
Yet we shou'd doubt, for Nature will prevail.
But they bold gen'rous Foes, scorn to deny,
T'wards *Church* and *Crown* their antient Enmity;
Yet with all Justice and good Reason too,
Think the *best places* in the Realm their due.
Call themselves *Loyal Subjects*, which may be,
If understood of QUEEN, *Democracy*.
But here's the *Critick Point*, they won't allow,
There's any thing disloyal they can do:
Resistance — That *Disloyalty*? Sure no!
What to defend a King from his worst Foe,
By rescuing him from his corrupted Will?
'Tis but a Proof of their *Allegiance* still:
And what's *Beheading* more, but to defend,
By cutting off the Member does offend.

Blest Doctrine, such as *Satan* taught to Man,
When he first gave to *Cain* the Murd'ring Plan.
Fools wou'd you teach a Free-born People Sense,
And what's the Rules of Duty to a Prince?
The *Revolution* shews they are no Fools,
Tho' not brought up in your *Rebellious Schools.*
You Murder'd one good *Monarch*, 'gainst the Laws,
And wou'd have help'd an ill one without Cause;
Tho' Pope and Tyrant was your first Defence,
'Tis plain that was the real least Pretence:
Or why wou'd you, as such, destroy the One,
And yet assist his Tyrant, Popish *Son?*
Hence your true Aim is clear to all the World,
'Tis plain at whom your flaming Brand is hurl'd;
Tyrant and Pope wou'd well enough go down,
So that the *Government* was of your own.
[For tho' you cou'd not bear *Charles's* gentle Sway,
Yet *Noll's despotick Pow'r* you prais'd, and did obey.
And wou'd not you who call our *Church* the *Mass*,
And yet Conform, to get a petty Place,
Go to the *Popish* (or the *Turkish* Church?
For in Effect, no doubt, you do as much,
Since what you think it, 'tis to you as such.]
But you've confed'rated whatever side
The *Church* is of, you'll be o'th' opposite.
Nor thank you for your coming o'er last War,
You saw your Danger, and was forc'd by Fear.
Let Interest fly where 'twill, you'll close pursue,
'Tis strange if it can shift too quick for you.

Ah! had *Genova* never past the *Tweed*,
And *Britain* sown with Tears instead of Seed:
A happy People we to Day had been,
Nor all these *Troubles* and *Divisions* seen;
For ever since we've been in constant Jarrs,
In Civil Enmity, or Civil Wars:
Strife, *Malice*, Satan, with the Spawn crept in,
And planted all the monstrous Kinds of Sin.
Crimes that cou'd ne'er take Root with us before,
Sprung, sown by them, and fruitful Harvest bore.
They taught how *Royal Blood* might first be spilt,
Debauch'd our Morals, and entail'd the Guilt;
Banish'd our Princes to a Foreign Shore,
Robb'd of the Crown their pious Father wore.
Hence all the dire succeeding Evils came,
The Fatal Cause of *Charles's* inglorious Reign.
Hadn't *James* seen *France*, he ne'er had laid aside
His Crown, and in a Second Exile dy'd:
The *Revolution* ne'er had been begun,
Nor th' *Anvil* now for Knaves to work upon.

N. B. *This Paper is to be continu'd.*